



# A MAN FOR THE AGES

A STORY OF THE BUILDERS OF DEMOCRACY  
BY IRVING BACHELLER

## THE SLAVES.

Synopsis.—Samson and Sarah Traylor, with their two children, Joseph and Betsy, travel by wagon from their home in Vergennes, Vt., to the West, the land of plenty. Their destination is the country of the Sangamon, in Illinois. At Niagara Falls they meet John McNeil, who also decides to go to the Sangamon country. Sarah's ministrations save the life of Harry Needles, in the last stages of fever, and he accompanies the Traylor family to New Salem, Illinois, and are welcomed by young Abe Lincoln, Jack Kelso and his pretty daughter Bim, sixteen years of age, and others. Samson decides to stay and raises his cabin. Led by Jack Armstrong, rowdies make trouble. Lincoln thrashes Armstrong. Harry Needles strikes Bap McNeil. Harry is attacked by McNeil and his gang, and Jim drives them off with a shotgun. McNeil is markedly attentive to Ana Rutledge. Lincoln is in love with Ana, but has never had enough courage to tell her so. Harry loves Bim.

## CHAPTER V—Continued.

John McNeil kissed Ann Rutledge that evening and was most attentive to her, and the women were saying that the two had fallen in love with each other.

"See how she looks at him," one of them whispered.

"Well, it's just the way he looks at her," the other answered.

At the first pause in the merriment Kelso stood on a chair, and then silence fell upon the little company.

"My good neighbors," he began, "we are here to rejoice that new friends have come to us and that a new home is born in our midst. We bid them welcome. They are big-boned, big-hearted folks. No man has grown large who has not at one time or another had his feet in the soil and felt its magic power going up into his blood and bone and sinew. Here is a wonderful soil and the inspiration of wide horizons; here are broad and fertile fields. Where the corn grows high you can grow statesmen. It may be that out of one of these little cabins a man will come to carry the torch of Liberty and Justice so high that its light will shine into every dark place. So let no one despise the cabin—humble as it is. Samson and Sarah Traylor, I welcome and congratulate you. Whatever may come, you can find no better friends than these, and of this you may be sure, no child of the prairies will ever go about with a



"He and His Boys Were Busy Selling Sausages."

hand organ and a monkey. Our friend, Honest Abe, is one of the few rich men in this neighborhood. Among his assets are 'Kirkham's Grammar,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' the 'Lives of Washington and Henry Clay,' 'Hamlet's Soliloquy,' 'Othello's Speech to the Senate,' 'Marc Anthony's Address' and a part of 'Webster's Reply to Hayne.' A man came along the other day and sold him a barrel of rubbish for two bits. In it he found a volume of 'Blackstone's Commentaries.' Old Blackstone challenged him to a wrestle and Abe has grappled with him. I reckon he'll take his measure as easily as he took Jack Armstrong's. Lately he has got possession of a noble asset. It is 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' by Robert Burns. I propose to ask him to let us share his enjoyment of this treasure."

Abe, who had been sitting with his legs doubled beneath him on a buffalo skin, between Joe and Betsy Traylor, rose and said:

"Mr. Kelso's remarks, especially the part which applied to me, remind me of the story of the prosperous grocer of Joliet. One Saturday night he and his boys were busy selling sausage. Suddenly in came a man with whom he had quarreled and laid two dead cats on the counter.

"There," said he, "this makes seven today. I'll call Monday and get my money."

"We were doing a good business here making fun. It seems a pity to ruin it and throw suspicion on the quality of the goods by throwing a cat on the counter."

This raised a storm of merriment, after which he recited the poem of Burns, with keen appreciation of its quality. Samson repeatedly writes of his gift for interpretation, especially of the comic, and now then lays particular stress on his power of mimicry.

John Cameron sang "The Sword of Bunker Hill" and "Forty Years Ago, Tom." Samson played while the older people danced until midnight. Then, after noisy farewells, men, women and children started in the moonlit road toward the village. Ann Rutledge had Abe on one arm and John McNeil on the other.

## CHAPTER VI.

Which Describes the Lonely Life in a Prairie Cabin and a Stirring Adventure on the Underground Railroad About the Time It Began Operations.

When Samson paid Mr. Gollaber, a "detector" came with the latter to look at the money before it was accepted. There were many counterfeiters and bills good only at a certain discount of face value going about those days and the detector was in great request. Directly after moving in, Samson dug a well and lined it with a hollow log. He bought tools and another team and then he and Harry began their fall plowing. Day after day for weeks they paced with their turning furrows until a hundred acres, stretching half a mile to the west and well to the north of the house, were black with them. Fever and ague descended upon the little home in the early winter.

In a letter to his brother, dated January 4th, 1832, Sarah writes:

"We have been longing for news from home, but not a word has come from you. It don't seem as if we could stand it unless we hear from you or some of the folks once in a while. We are not dead just because we are a thousand miles away. We want to hear from you. Please write and let us know how father and mother are and all the news. We have all been sick with the fever and ague. It is a beautiful country and the soil is very rich, but there is some sickness. Samson and I were both sick at the same time. I never knew Samson to give up before. He couldn't go on, his head ached so. Little Joe helped me get the fire started and brought some water and waited on us. Harry Needles had gone away to Springfield for Mr. Offutt with a drove of hogs. Two other boys are with him. He is going to buy a new suit. He is a very proud boy. Joe and Betsy got back with the doctor at nine. That night Abe Lincoln came and sat up with us and gave us our medicine and kept the fire going. It was comical to see him lying beside Joe in his trundle bed, with his long legs sticking over the end of it and his feet standing on the floor about a yard from the bed. He was spread all over the place. He talked about religion and his views would shock most of our friends in the East. He doesn't believe in the kind of Heaven that the ministers talk about or any eternal hell. He says that nobody knows anything about the hereafter, except that God is a kind and forgiving father and that all men are His children. He says that we can only serve God by serving each other. He seems to think that every man, good or bad, black or white, rich or poor, is his brother. He thinks that Henry Clay, next to Daniel Webster, is the greatest man in the country. He is studying hard. Expects to give up before long. He is quite severe in his talk against General Jackson. He and Samson agree in politics and religion. They are a good deal alike. He is very fond of Samson and Harry—calls them his partners. We love this big awkward giant. His feet are set in the straight way and we think that he is going to make his mark in the world.

"You said you would come out next spring to look about. Please don't disappoint us. I think it would almost break my heart. I am counting the days. Don't be afraid of fever and ague. Sapington's pills cure it in three

or four days. I would take the steamer at Pittsburg, the roads in Ohio and Indiana are so bad. You can get a steamer up the Illinois river at Alton and get off at Beardstown and drive across country. If we knew when you were coming Samson or Abe would meet you. Give our love to all the folks and friends.

"Yours affectionately,  
"Sarah and Samson."

It had been a cold winter and not easy to keep comfortable in the little house. In the worst weather Samson had used to get up at night to keep the fire going. Late in January a wind from the southeast melted the snow and warmed the air of the midlands so that, for a week or so, it seemed as if spring were come. One night of this week Sambo awoke the family with his barking. A strong wind was rushing across the plains and roaring over the cabin and whirling in its chimney. Suddenly there was a rap on its door. When Samson opened it he saw in the moonlight a young colored man and woman standing near the doorstep.

"Is dis Mistah Traylor?" the young man asked.

"It is," said Samson. "What can I do for you?"

"Mas'r, de good Lord done foted us here to ask you fo' help," said the negro. "We be nigh wone out with cold an' hungah, suh, 'deed we be."

Samson asked them in and put wood on the fire, and Sarah got up and made some hot tea and brought food from the cupboard and gave it to the strangers, who sat shivering in the firelight. They were a good-looking pair, the young woman being almost white. They were man and wife. The latter stopped eating and moaned and shook with emotion as her husband told their story. Their master had died the year before and they had been brought to St. Louis to be sold in the slave market. There they had escaped by night and gone to the house of an old friend of their former owner who lived north of the city on the river shore. He had taken pity on them and brought them across the Mississippi and started them on the north road with a letter to Elijah Lovejoy of Alton and a supply of food. Since then they had been hiding days in the swamps and thickets and had traveled by night. Mr. Lovejoy had sent them to Erastus Wright of Springfield, and Mr. Wright had given them the name of Samson Traylor and the location of his cabin. From there they were bound for the house of John Peasley, in Hopedale, Tazewell county.

Lovejoy had asked them to keep the letter with which they had begun their travels. The letter stated that their late master had often expressed his purpose of leaving them their freedom when he should pass away. He had left no will and since his death the two had fallen into the hands of his nephew, a despotic, violent young drunkard of the name of Biggs.

Samson was so moved by their story that he hitched up his horses and got some hay in the wagon box and made off with the fugitives up the road to the north in the night. When daylight

came he covered them with hay. About eight o'clock he came to a frame house and barn, the latter being of unusual size for that time and country. Above the door of the barn was a board which bore the stenciled legend: "John Peasley, Orwell Farm."

As Samson drew near the house he observed a man working on the roof of a woodshed. Something familiar in his look held the eye of the New Salem man. In half a moment he recognized the face of Henry Brimstead. It was now a cheerful face. Brimstead came down from the ladder and they shook hands.

"Good land o' Goshen! How did you get here?" Samson asked. Brimstead answered:

"Through the help of a feller that looks like you an' the grit of a pair o' horses. Come down this road early in September on my way to the land o' plenty. Found Peasley here. Couldn't help it. Saw his name on the barn. Used to go to school with him in Orwell. He offered to sell me some land with a house on it an' trust me for his pay. I liked the looks o' the country and so I didn't go no further. I was goin' to write you a letter, but I ain't got around to it yet. Ain't forgot what you done for us, I can tell ye that."

"Well, this looks better than the

sand plains—a lot better—and you look better than the flea farmer back in York state. How are the children?"

"Fat an' happy an' well dressed. Mrs. Peasley has been a mother to 'em an' her sister is goin' to be a wife to me." He came close to Samson and added in a confidential tone: "Say, if I was any happier I'd be scart. I'm like I was when I got over the toothache—so scart for fear it would come back I was kind o' miserable."

Mr. Peasley came out of the door. He was a big, full-bearded, jovial man. "I've got a small load o' hay for you," said Samson.

"I was expecting it, though I supposed 'twould be walkin'—in the dark o' night," Peasley answered. "Drive in on the barn floor."

When Samson had driven into the barn its doors were closed and the negroes were called from their place of hiding. Samson writes:

"I never realized what a blessing it is to be free until I saw that scared man and woman crawling out from under the dusty hay and shaking themselves like a pair of dogs. The weather was not cold or I guess they would have been frozen. They knelt together on the barn floor and the woman prayed for God's protection through the day. Peasley brought food for them and stowed them away on the top of his haymow with a pair of buffalo skins. I suppose they got some sleep there. I went into the house to breakfast and while I ate Brimstead told me about his trip. His children were there. They looked clean and decent. He lived in a log cabin a little further up the road. Mrs. Peasley's sister waited on me. She is a fat and cheerful looking lady, very light complected. Her hair is red—like tomato ketchup. Looks to me a likely, stout-armed, good-hearted woman who can do a lot of hard work. She can see a joke and has an answer handy every time."

For details of the remainder of the historic visit of Samson Traylor to the home of John Peasley we are indebted to a letter from John to his brother Charles, dated February 21, 1832. In this he says:

"We had gone out to the barn and Brimstead and I were helping Mr. Traylor hitch up his horses. All of a sudden two men came riding up the road at a fast trot and turned in and came straight toward us and pulled up by the wagon. One of them was a slim, red-cheeked young feller about twenty-three years old. He wore top boots and spurs and a broad-brimmed black hat and gloves and a fur waistcoat and purty linen. He looked at the tires of the wagon and said: 'That's the one we've followed.'

"Which o' you is Samson Traylor?" he asked.

"I am," said Traylor.

"The young feller jumped off his horse and tied him to the fence. Then he went up to Traylor and said:

"What did you do with my niggers, you dirty sucker?"

"Men from Missouri hated the Illinois folks them days and called 'em Suckers."

"Hain't you a little reckless, young feller?" Traylor said, as cool as a cucumber. He stood up nigh the barn door, which Brimstead had closed after we backed the wagon out.

"The young feller stepped close to the New Salem man and raised his whip for a blow. Quick as lightning Traylor grabbed him and threw him ag'in the barn door, keewah! He hit so hard the boards bent and the whole barn roared and trembled. The other feller tried to get his pistol out of its holster, but Brimstead, who stood beside him, grabbed it, and I got his boss by the bits and we both held on. The young feller lay on the ground shakin' as if he had the ague. Ye never see a man so spilt in a second. Traylor picked him up. His right arm was broke and his face and shoulder bruised some. Ye'd a thought a steam engine had blowed up while he was puttin' wood in it. He was kind o' limp and the mad had leaked out o' him."

"I reckon I better find a doctor," he says.

"You get into my wagon and I'll take ye to a good one," says Traylor.

"Just then Stephen Nuckles, the circuit minister, rode in with the big bloodhound that follows him around.

"The other slaver had got off his boss in the scuffle. Traylor started for him. The slaver began to back away and suddenly broke into a run. The big dog took after him with a kind of a lion roar. We all began yelling at the dog. We made more noise than you'd hear at the end of a hoss race. It scart the young feller. He put on more steam and went up the ladder to the roof of the woodshed like a chased weasel. The dog stood barkin' as if he had treed a bear. Traylor grabbed the ladder and pulled it down.

"You stay there till I get away an' you'll be safe," said he.

"The man looked down and swore and shook his fist and threatened us with the law.

"Mr. Nuckles rode close to the woodshed and looked up at him.

"My brother, I fear you be not a Christian," he said.

"He swore at the minister. That settled him. 'I reckon he better stay thar till he gets a little o' God's grace in his soul,' says the minister.

"Then he says to the dog: 'Ponto, you keep 'im right thar.'

"The dog appeared to understand what was expected of him.

Eliphalet Biggs meets Bim Kelso.

## The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

It is easy enough to be present when everyone's singing a song, but the diner worth while is the one who can smile and will stay when your speech is too long.

### COMPANY GOOD THINGS.

Fruits are most satisfactory served fresh and as simply as possible, or garnished with their own foliage.

For a change one will enjoy something different.

**Blackberry Ice Cream.**—Dissolve two and one-fourth tablespoonsfuls of powdered gelatin in one and one-half cupsfuls of hot water. Scald four cupsfuls of milk, add one cupful of sugar, the dissolved gelatin, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and two cupsfuls of whipped cream. Freeze until mushy. Crush one quart of blackberries through a sieve and add them to the frozen mixture and finish freezing. Remove the dasher and repack to ripen for two to three hours. Serve in sherbet cups; garnish with whole fresh berries rolled in granulated sugar.

**Iced Chocolate.**—Melt four squares of chocolate with half a cupful of sugar, add one cupful of water and cook in a double boiler until smooth. Scald one quart of cream and add to the chocolate, beating thoroughly; cool, strain, flavor with vanilla and freeze. Serve frozen like mush.

**Strawberry Gâteau.**—Bake a round sponge cake, when cold cut off the top and scoop out the center leaving a two-inch shell. Heap with strawberry well mixed with sugar; cover with sweetened whipped cream and serve at once.

**Rhubarb and Fig Preserve.**—Take three pounds of rhubarb, two and one-half pounds of sugar, one pound of figs, and two ounces of candied peel. Cut the rhubarb into inch lengths, chop the peel and figs and scatter over the rhubarb; cover with the sugar and let stand until the next day. Boil slowly for an hour; add a small piece of ginger root. Pour into jars and seal.

Frozen dishes, ice cream and sherbets, are always welcome hot-weather desserts. A sherbet which is especially good is made by using three lemons, two cupsful of sugar and a quart of rich milk. Freeze as usual. It will curdle, but when frozen will be smooth and velvety.

There are days which occur in this climate, at almost any season of the year, wherein the world reaches perfection, when the air, the heavenly bodies and the earth make a harmony as if nature would indulge her offspring.—Emerson.

### SEASONABLE DISHES.

Pineapple Juice is especially refreshing and is also valuable as a medicine.

As an addition to cocktails, fruit cups and salads it is especially valuable. When pineapples are reasonable in price it is desirable to put them up at home, but the canned variety, if a good brand is obtained, is not an extravagance.

**Pineapple Marmalade.**—Peel and chop a few pineapples as are desired. Weigh and allow a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit. Mix well and let stand over night in a cool place. In the morning cook until soft enough to put through a sieve. Strain, return to the preserving kettle and continue cooking, stirring constantly until a clear amber jelly is formed. This will thicken when cool. Put into small jars; cover and seal. This marmalade is fine for dainty desserts, cake fillings and such dishes.

**White Layer Cake.**—Cream one-half cupful of butter, add one and one-half cupsful of sugar gradually, flavor with a half teaspoonful of rose extract, add one-half cupful of milk and two cupsful of pastry flour sifted with four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix well, then fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of eight eggs. This makes three layers of exceptional quality. For filling, use lemon or orange, or a combination of both. An egg yolk, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two tablespoonfuls of water with the rind and juice of a lemon and a half cupful or more of sugar. Cook together, adding a little butter just before taking from the fire. Cool before adding to the cake.

**Graham Gems.**—A hot muffin or gem is welcome occasionally even in warm weather. These are easy to make and very light and good. Take one cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one egg and two tablespoonfuls of melted shortening, added after one cupful of graham flour. Beat well and fill well-greased gem pans. This recipe makes six good-sized gems.

Nellie Maxwell

Extensive Canadian Province.

An area equal to three times the area of France, which is 215,895 square miles, could be cut out of the province of Quebec and there would remain an area twice that of Hungary.

## Get Back Your Health

Are you dragging around day after day with a dull headache? Are you tired and lame mornings—subject to headaches, dizzy spells and sharp, stabbing pains. Then there's surely something wrong. Probably it's kidney weakness! Don't wait for more serious kidney trouble. Get back your health and keep it. For quick relief get plenty of sleep and exercise and use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands. Ask your neighbor!

### A Nebraska Case

Sam Siten, Long Branch St., Humboldt, Neb., says: "I was down with my kidneys and back. When I went to work in a stooped position. The kidney secretion passed and contained sediment. A few Doan's Kidney Pills could straighten me out with ease. Two boxes gave me the permanent relief."

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all feel the same if you shake into them some

### ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder

Takes the friction from the shoe, freshens the feet and gives new vigor. At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking and dancing, Sprinkle ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in the foot-bath and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache. Over 1,500,000 pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war. Ask for ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

## BE A NURSE

Exceptional opportunity at the present time for young women over nineteen years of age who have had at least two years in high school to take Nurses' Training in general hospital. Our graduates are in great demand. Address  
Supt. of Nurses, Lincoln Sanitarium  
Lincoln, Nebraska

## COULDN'T BLAME LITTLE JOE

Small Ducky Had a Perfect Defense Against Teacher's Intimation of Disobedience.

At a social gathering of some darkies in a Georgia town two members fell to disputing which had the smarter children. Tom Lee was proclaimed the victor when he came to the front with the following:

"De other day my little boy Joe went to school with his little dawg. De teacher gits mad with mah boy and tells him to go back home as quick as he can and take de dawg an' never bring him back no mo'. Little Joe do jest like de teacher tell him. Bimeby little Joe goes back to de schoolhouse and jest as soon as he sets hisself down a little dawg comes in an' goes right up to where little Joe sets. Den de teacher gits mad again and says: 'Joe, why do you bring back dat dawg when I tell you not to?'

"Den little Joe he stan' up and say, 'Teacher, dis ain't de same dawg; he's anudder one. I got two of him.'"

To Have a Clear Sweet Skin Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.

The Gambling Urge. Sharpe—it is impossible to keep some men from gambling.

Thorne—What causes you to say that?

"They broke up the poker games in our town and put a ban on crap-shootin'."

"Well?"

"And the next day I saw a couple of men following a woman and betting odd or even on the number of times she fixed her hair while she walked a block."—Richmond Times Dispatch.

Baby's little dresses will just simply dazzle if Red Cross Ball Blue is used in the laundry. Try it and see for yourself. At all good grocers, 5c.

Had Feeling for Daddy. Maxine was visiting a friend. Her mother told her to return home at four o'clock, and when the time arrived she put away her playthings and prepared to leave. Her friend urged her to play just a little longer, but seriously she replied: "No, Mommy, I can't play any longer, for if my daddy comes home from work and I'm gone he will cry his blue eyes out."

## Sure Relief

BELLAN'S INDIGESTION PILLS

6 BELLAN'S Hot water Sure Relief

BELLAN'S FOR INDIGESTION